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# Really Barely There

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Sometimes love misses the mark, like a meat cleaver  
hurled at an intruder  
    that lands smack  
    dab in the wall, and sticks there. Twenty years after I put my arm  
    through a window at the Lion's Club picnic,  
I can still see, though myopically,  
    the red scar, and can still feel it at night,  
        pumping and buzzing like an extra heart,  
    a wren's organ, an unnatural part  
of something sewn to my body. It doesn't hurt; it's really barely  
    there, like the kind of love that hurls  
    past the loved one's head without rustling a hair—did I say this hair  
        was dark?—a dark hair.

    Still, I want to pull my sleeves  
down to my wrists and walk through an oak door humming,  
    because if you're not sick there's no cure.  
    So it's not a virus that makes that particular darkness  
    disturb me, even now, though we only brushed  
accidentally, and rode in crowded cars a few times knee to knee,  
    and once a hell

        of a long time ago hiked 5,000 feet to a ridge  
where it was so cold the sun felt dead, and the only heat worth seeking  
    was between our toes,  
inside of our mouths, and under our skin,  
    but we did not touch.

Can lack of contact leave a scar? To regret  
    would be excessive, so I feel something smaller, a wren's claw  
    clawing me lightly, the way dark hair might brush my cheek  
    in the split second just before sleep.